

Vol. II No. 1

GOBLIN

#2 25



20 Cents

NOVEMBER

1921

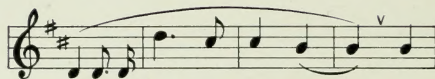
L. V. TREBLE

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Annie Laurie

Creamy
Home Made Candy



STARTING TO-DAY

AT HART HOUSE

"ANNIE LAURIE" will give away to VARSITY MEN, FIFTY POUNDS OF HER WELL KNOWN CHOCOLATES. Drop in, as a guest of this SWEET LITTLE GIRL, and sample her INDIVIDUALISTIC SWEETS.

YOU ALL LOVE

that haunting melody of yesterday, "ANNIE LAURIE," don't you? Then you will realize what a wonderfully appropriate name it is for these best-of-all-possible HOMEMADE CANDIES.

Note to UNDERGRADUATES who wish to get in right with Gladys, Marie, Nanette, Phyllis, Janet, Marion or Dorothy: *Henceforth "ANNIE LAURIE" Candies will be on sale at the Hart House Tuck Shop.*

60c. Lb.

Days

LIMITED

QUALITY CLOTHES FOR
YOUNG MEN AT MOST
REASONABLE PRICES

ON THE CORNER
ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA

ONLY ONE TO A CUSTOMER

Floorwalker: Looking for something, madam?

Fat Lady—Husband.

F. W.—First aisle to your left—male order department.
—Chaparral.

* * *

Every man whose face is cut up hasn't been in a fight.
He may have been drinking home brew out of a fruit jar.
—Malteaser

* * *

Game Always

Preacher (solemnly): Rastus, do yo' take dis here woman for better or for worse?

Rastus (from force of habit) Pahson, Ah shoots it all!
—Wayside Tales

* * *

He:—"You didn't know who I was at the game yesterday, did you?"

She:—"No, who were you?"

—Lord Jeff

May Be A Fly—Man

Stage Manager—All ready, run up the curtain.

Stage Hand—Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?
—Froth

* * *

Safety

Prof—Did you enjoy "The Passing of Arthur?"

Frosh—Yes, but I liked his punting much better!

—Virginia Reel

* * *

1921:—"Did you see that movie called Oliver Twist?"

Frosh—"Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?"

—Brown Jug

* * *

Snuff

"Sneagle."

"Shotneagle, snowl."

"Sneither, snostrich."

—Lehigh Burr.

-WEAR-

JESS?

APPLEGATH

HATS

"Styled For Young Fellows,
Worn By All Fellows"

Sold Only
At

85 YONGE STREET
near King St.

280 YONGE STREET
at Alice St.

MONTREAL STORE

473 ST. CATHERINE STREET W.
near Peel St.



NO!

NO!

NO!

**This is not one of
The Four Horsemen of
the Apocalypse.**

See the irresistible expression on the young lady's face. What is she saying? She is saying, "Oh *Mister!* Buy me a GOBLIN."

"Wow!"-- Says Lord Tennyson

Via Ouija Board the following comments on Goblin have been received from various ethereal regions.

Lord Tennyson. "Wow! You boys certainly have got the dope."

King Alfred: "It isn't in the histories but I was reading Goblin when I burnt the buns."

John Milton: "Hot Dog! Gob goes big with me."

Ananias: "I don't like Goblin."

For the enclosed \$1.25 please send 7 issues of

GOBLIN, commencing

To

.....

If you are influenced by what Tennyson, King Alfred, Milton and Ananias think of Goblin, observe the attached blank.

Goblin, 8 University Ave., Toronto

YOU PUT THE WRINKLES IN, WE'LL TAKE THEM OUT

Our \$12.00 Contract Good Till June 1st, 1922

We will call for your suit and overcoat, Sponge, Press and keep it in Good Repair for the term of 1921-22 for \$12.00. We will also French Dry Clean 5 suits or overcoats for the term on this proposition; no space to tell you all about it, you phone us Coll. 4277

Suits and O'coats Sponged and Pressed

Gentile Methods

50c

Called for and Delivered

The Marlborough

TORONTO'S
MOST
MODERN
CLEANERS

424 College st.
Phone College 4277

A man named Du Bose met a girl
Who lisped thro' her teeth of pure pearl.
'I'll hug you or kiss you,' he swore with an oath.
She cried with surprise, " Oh, Mr. Du. Both."

—Tiger

Prisoner: Good morning, Judge.
Judge: How old are you?
Prisoner: Twenty-nine.
Judge: You'll be thirty when you get out.

—Phœnix

Perfection without Foppishness has
long been the consistent policy of

Davis Tailoring Styles

As a man who appreciates all that
well-tailored clothes emphasize, are
you intimate with the service the
Davis policy can render you.

R. J. DAVIS

A tailor to particular men

41 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Main 7024



SERVICE WITH A SMILE
"Yet I was a senior prizeman once"
"And pride of a college eight"

L. Short, in the Lemon Punch

Incomes and Buying Power

The income from the most
unquestionable securities,
Government and Municipal
Bonds, is now about
40% higher than in 1914.
Moreover, each dollar of
income is showing gradu-
ally increasing buying
power. The weekly-cost of
the family food-budget
has decreased 53% since
the middle of 1920.

Make sure of the extraordinarily
high fixed incomes now available
by buying long-term Government
and Municipal Bonds.

A selected list of investments on
request. Your enquiries invited.

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For general information and copies of calendar write the Registrar, University of Toronto, or the Secretaries of the Colleges or Faculties.

Useful Information

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student.

"He was in the class of '77."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."

—*Buffalo Express*



**MEN'S
BROGUES
TAN
OR
BLACK.**

OXFORDS \$10.00, BOOTS \$12.00

The most popular style of footwear for Men for Fall and Winter wear; smart, well-made and of excellent material. For goodness and solid comfort, we recommend this shoe.

**H. C. BLACHFORD
LIMITED**

286 Yonge St. Opposite Dundas E.

Students bringing this ad. in will receive **ONE DOLLAR** off the purchase price of any pair of shoes valued at \$10.00 or over.

* * *

Al—You better get a haircut.

Fal—How so?

Fa—Well, that's cheaper than buying a violin.

—*Tar Baby*

* * *

Multum in Parvo

Fros—"Surveying a little?"

Engineer—"No, surveying a lot."

—*Sour Owl*

The Diet Kitchen Tea Rooms

72 Bloor Street W., Toronto

Breakfast	Luncheon
Afternoon Tea	Dinner

OPEN SUNDAYS

Phone North 4382



Drawn by Jocelyn Taylor

Types

by Dorothy Forrester



I. Irene

When you were six or eight, Irene,
You used to wear white socks,
Had golden curls and floppy hats
And flimsy gingham frocks.

Well—though you still wear socks, I'm told,
The curls, the floppy hat
And flimsy gown, there is a change.
The cigarette marks that.



Private Stock

'A rag, a groan and a tank of air'—Any Hearst paper.

* * *

Many of the planks in a certain political platform contain nasty splinters.

* * *

The numerous magazine articles on "How to Keep Young" have nothing to do with the support of a family.

* * *

The person who said, "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," evidently did not live in an apartment house.

* * *

Bourassa is reported to be leading the farmer's party. He really has no right to consider himself an agriculturalist just because he is always slinging mud.

* * *

"War is the grand illusion," wrote Norman Angell. Another grand illusion is that you will work so well during the year that you won't have to cram for Exams.

* * *

MOTION-PICTURE ARTISTS ARE STARVING—says headline. We bet they are sorry now about all those custard pies they used to waste recklessly.

"This is indeed refreshing," said the prof. as he plucked the first year man.

* * *

Twelve Jews were arrested for speeding one day last week. Must have been a Hebrew fast day.

* * *

Woe to them that drink wine in Bowles.

—Amos 6:6

* * *

LIFE recently announced itself as the best known comic. It is understood the Farmers' Sun will dispute this claim in the courts.

* * *

Attorney-General Raney once ran an unsuccessful paper called the "Moon." Evidently his objection to making moonshine appeared early.

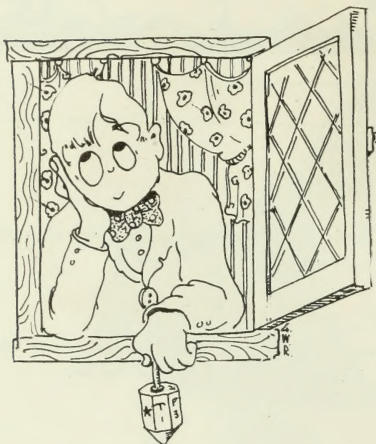
* * *

"Experienced Finishers Wanted for Christy Hats."—Toronto Telegram Want Ad.—Any occupant of the bleachers at an intercollegiate game would do.

* * *

The Toronto Union Station is now nearly ready. We have our suspicions that construction is being completed by the "Ultra Rapid Camera Device" which it is said "slows the action down to eight times normal speed."

REMORSE



Down in Happy Valley,
Where the mists hang low,
There I met my Sally
Long ago.

Ponder I there sadly
Sunset until dawn,
On her I loved so madly
Dead and gone.

Never such a vision
As my dreams awake,
Played with such precision,
Put and Take.

There Sally when I found her,
(Ah! My heart was sick.)
Took all, and so I crowned her
With a brick.

* * *

No, my son, the fact that you are the village cut-up, is not a guarantee that you will make a good surgeon.

Coppers

By the above title we mean common cents, not the men in blue who ornament our street corners.

Definition—A copper is that which, if you have enough of them, you could buy something.

It is a small round flat object of specific gravity 8-5.

It comes in two sizes. When you fish the large size out of your pocket you think you have a quarter. The small size is usually mistaken for a dime. This is sometimes embarrassing after the Fair One has been toying with some of Bingham's creations. On the obverse side is the inscription "Canada, One Cent." This is not intended as an appraisal of the value of the country, but merely to warn American visitors that the piece is only worth 0.9 cents or thereabouts. On the reverse side is a very pretty picture of our Sovereign with the inscription, "Georgius, good gracious, wretched impudence," or words to that effect.

One use for them is that they may be exchanged for valuable merchandise. The following is a partial list of the fascinating things in which these little playthings may be utilized.

- 1c. gum (slot variety)
- 2c. Spawting Extra—Tellygame aw Stah.
- 3c. Any article selling at two for a nickle when you only want one.
- 6c. Two three-cent stamps.
- 7c. At last we reach the pinnacle, the utmost in human desire—one long joy-ride on the Toronto Transportation Commission's palatial chariots.



Honey For Sale

DEB versus DUB

or Heard on the Fraternity Phone

by *Wilfred Heighinton*

"Will I come up to-night to play bridge? Well, not if it can be avoided. . . . I hate bridge. . . ."

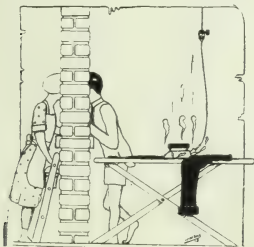
"Very well, then, but only on condition that you repeat after me the following oath:

"I—name in (not when) full—being of sound mind (or as near thereto as in my coming-out year is possible) do solemnly promise, declare and say:—

- (a) I have played bridge before.
- (b) I have no cute dog.
- (c) I will not play "mon Homme" on my alleged gramophone.
- (d) I will not place sticky sweets in silly silver dishes where you thought you placed your ash-tray.
- (e) My mother will not look over your shoulder and say:—"Do you mind?"
- (f) My father has higher levels of conversation than Vauxhalls and Gray-Dorts.
- (g) The Fourth will not be an American cousin who remembers the Canadian Flying boys down in Texas.
- (h) The girl to be taken home moves under her own power, is within the three-mile limit and the seven-cent hours.
- (i) You are the first man I have phoned to-night.
- (j) I have no Home Brew."

"Hello, hello. . . . Yes, Central, I thought I was talking to someone, too. . . . Oh, no thanks. . . . it doesn't matter in the least."

* * *



Pressing His Suit



Neighborhood Worker—"I suppose you find this squalor very trying."
Hannah Sims—"Oh no, miss, he's the quietest baby on the street."

* * *

Inconsistency

I never saw a maiden yet,
Was half as charming as a kitten.
(If Mary sees this I'll regret
That such a line I've ever written.)
For cats are pretty, graceful, quick,
By nature charmingly intensive,
And *sometimes* to one person stick.
Besides they are not so expensive,
And yet—the sorry truth of it—
I do not care for cats a bit!

There never was a little maid
As sweet and gentle as a flower,
No cheek that wears the lovely shade
Of petals: the mysterious power
Of memory-creating scent
Which even common blossoms spread,
Should fill the soul with deep content.
Girls irritate the mind instead.
And yet you'll never see me stop
All evening in a florist's shop.

* * *



Contentment

It's just as well that I am no Adonis
 And that my face would fright a savage cree,
 That I'm not half so tall as average Johnnies,
 And haven't even "personality".
 It's just as well I'm not the riot Don is
 And haven't got the "way" most chaps enjoy;
 For if it happened I *was* like Adonis—
 With my potentialities,—O Boy!

* * *

A Midnight Mystery

It was night. It was very night. The girl stumbled along, sobbing silently. Down, down, down the long road to the dark river.

Here she paused, while the stream swept on. She paused some more, but still the stream swept on. Then with a muttered "I must do it," she climbed the railing, hesitated a moment, plunged over. A gurgle arose from that billowy grave, then all was still.

Who was she? Why did she do it? Ah, it is too sad a tale to tell!

Dope This One

After Theophile returned to the city he wrote to Farmer Si Hopkins concerning a question which has been puzzling him for some time.

"Why," he inscribed, "do you lock up that donkey of yours so carefully every night?"

In due course of time came Farmer Hopkins' reply, "Because it is too good an *."

* * *

"They don't look natural," said the man, as he rolled two threes.

* * *



EE-20

A Fizzical Weakness

The Term Opens

Inspired by the opening of the 1921-22 college year, four well-known poets, now resident in spirit land, have written the following verses exclusively for GOBLIN.

(I) Browning

Well, well, and is the college once more open?
 Nor I, as seated on Padua's gate,
 And throwing quarter florins to the beggars,
 —Cosino, bid your hang-dogs go,— can ought
 But think of all the youths and maidens
 Assembled there. Maestro, I was a monk
 Not long ago.—Don Miguel was my name—
 And had the teaching of the youths in Greek.
 But that's the world, dissembling sympathy
 And shouting scorn. I am disrobed ten months.
 Let's quaff a flagon e'er the sun shall set.

(II) Tennyson

As sometimes in a yesteryear,
 By craggy nook or shady lea,
 Thoughts of the future came to thee,
 Dids't thou then see thy childhood's bier?
 Within these cloistered college walls
 Come trooping thousands, in the quest
 Of Truth and Education's best
 And from them childhood's mantle falls.
 Thou art a man! Thy childhood's o'er
 But yet thy mind is fresh and young
 Perhaps thou'lt make songs yet unsung
 Or increase Wisdom's mundane store.

(III) Edgar Allan Poe

Hear the wisdom of the profs,
 Clever profs,
 How in error is the man who sneers or scoffs!
 How they lecture, lecture, lecture.
 And they hold the students tense,
 Still and trying to conjecture
 What may be the lecture's texture
 And then fearing they are dense;
 Pausing now, now, now
 With a gesture or a bow.
 Hear the ratiocinations and peroratory coughs
 Of the profs, profs, profs, profs,
 Profs, profs, profs,
 Of the clever and opinionative profs.

(IV) Squoof Dorwaldsen*

Mouthing slow promontaries,
 Silver-solidly in grease of incense-blooms,
 Steeped in the cries of cemeteries;
 Slow seductive brooms,
 The fleet recalcitrant seraglios
 Of yesterdays and the gaunt white hours,
 That creep, while we sleep,
 Sporadically in tune.
 Far June!
 The weary sheep may weep
 Where strange precipitation scraggly goes
 To lure of lotus and the hidden powers
 O pollen-breathing pigeons of the mart
 The ghastly fingers reaching for the heart!

*A famous and lately diseased Nebraskan poet

* * *

"Gone! Gone!" exclaimed the excited individual wildly.
 "All gone!"
 An interested crowd soon gathered.
 "Had your pocket picked?"
 "Lose your wife?"
 "Been to the races?"

"My friends, it is a sad story I have to tell. Yesterday
 gone, never to return; to-day is going fast; but it is not too
 late to have your life insured. By this plan which I—"
 but forty-three strong men seized him and bore him to the
 nearest horse trough.



"Why do they call these markers buoys?"
 "Because girls would drift off with the first swells
 that come along."

THE GOBLIN'S CORNER.



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THIS ISSUE 8500 COPIES

VOL. II., NO. I. NOVEMBER, 1921
 Published monthly from November to May, by The Gobblins, Ltd.,
 Undergraduates of the University of Toronto.
 Subscription price, \$1.25 per annum. Single copies, 20 cents.
 Contributions may be left at the Toronto University Post Office or
 mailed to the GOBLIN Office, 8 University Avenue, Toronto.
 Office Telephone, Adelaide 5655.

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Bless You

My

Children



When Noah ordered young Ham and the rest of the kids off the lot, and told them to beat it for the Little Red Schoolhouse, and not mess things up around the Ark Ship-building Company, he handed them a lot of the Work-Hard-and-Grow-to-be-Premier stuff. He started the parade. Since then every one from Methuselah to Mackenzie King has bowled in the same alley. Every fall, when they gather the books out of the garbage, all the Solomons tell how Uncle did it, and sing the "Work Hard, My Son" chorus. Far be it from us to tie a can to such a grand old custom. Therefore, freshman, Goblin is now addressing you. You are attending the greatest college in the Universe. The little fellow does not know whether you belong to Thorold High School or the Acton Academy of Art, but, whatever it is, it's the best on earth. Furthermore, if you do not sincerely believe that it is, you are as much to your Alma Mater as a cork-screw to William Jennings Byran or roller skates to an Alpine chasseur.

If there is a single Toronto student, to illustrate by means of a single example, who does not think that blue and white is the most glorious and artistic combination of colors that the eye of man has gazed on since the general disappearance of the D.T.'s, his value to the University could be calculated in German marks on the back of a postage-stamp, and there would still be room for a minute copy of the Lord's Prayer.

A Hearse For Hearst

Bring on your black-plumed cemeterial carriages for an assiduous Anglophobe whose inherited better instincts have fallen prey to demagoguery and sensationalism. Mr. Hearst owns a number of American newspapers and other publications admirable from the standpoint of their efficiency and circulation and deplorable because of the fact that when they are not talking ordinary tosh they are talking noxious twaddle. What Mr. Hearst needs most at the present time is a series of large doses of oblivion.

Hence the purpose of all Canadian editorials concerning this paradox of the press should be publicity to end all publicity engendered by the same principles of thought as the late war to end all wars. Some time ago there lived a gentleman named Cato who specialized in a one-line gag about the need of "delenda" Carthage. The modern Catonic patriot in this country should cry, "Hearst must be silenced in Canada." We are sorry to say such things. As Mrs. Grundy remarks, "We don't like to talk about our neighbours but———"

How you Should Vote

Consider the coming election. It is a very crucial election. Like all other elections since time immemorial, it will immediately decide the future of our country and incidentally the destinies of the human race. We have the assurance of that fact from the leaders of all three of our more or less grand and old parties. Each one of them informs us that the other two are unparalleled as twin collections of bums, barnstormers and ballyhoos, and unhesitatingly avers that their platforms are based on badinage and boobishness. After a careful perusal of the leading journals of our day and country, we can only reach the conclusion that all are unanimously right. There are two parties which if power were given into their hands would ultimate-

ly effect the ruin of the country. The only question for the conscientious and credulous voter to decide is which these two parties are. There is the difficulty. It is quite obvious to even the dumbest mentality that only one of them should be set in the engine-cab of the train of state. *Which is that one?*

Our directions for the solution of this problem are as follows: First inquire carefully into the antecedents and ancestry of each candidate, check up his personal views and opinions on all matters of timely interest, interrogate him regarding his intentions and then finally to determine which party shall have your support draw straws.

The Awards



When Goblin returned, somewhat sunburned, from his summer vacation, the little fellow found that his artistic and literary friends had far from forgotten him and he was soon climbing about the stacks of contributions choosing the winners.

The odd imp is particularly delighted to award the \$10 cover design prize to L. V. Treble for the masterpiece that first suggested to you that you part with 20 cents.

The five-dollar prose prize goes to Wilfred Heighington for his timely "Deb. vs. Dub."

Capt. Haverson wins the verse prize with his naive conceit, "It's a Disease," the lyric beauty of which cannot but appeal to all critics.

The art prize has been awarded to Walter Howard for his varied works and particularly "Sauce for the Goose."

In This Issue

Misses:

Elizabeth Kerr
Dorothy Forrester
Jocelyn Taylor

Messrs:

G. J. McNair
E. H. Reeves
Gogo
R. B. Y. Scott
Milton Johnston
F. A. MacLennan
Capt. James Haverson
D. K. Findlay

Messrs:

G. H. Purcell
G. Fox
Kenneth Browne
Walter Howard
S. Law
J. W. Bengough
Alan MacLaurin
Wilfred Heighington
J. P. M.
W. K. McLean
Clark Wallace
W. L. Trueman

—and the staff



Burning Sarcasm

FROWSY SHOPPER—" 'Ave yer a match fer this blouse?"

HAUGHTY SALESGIRL—"Yes—and I'll give you some kerosene, too."

Wait Till He's Older

"Speak to me, my darling Molly" he whispered, holding her tight in his arms. She lay there passive and unresisting, like a wilted flower. His eyes hungrily took in the beauty of her—the skin, so pink and white, her dark eyelids, the masses of flaxen curls; the vivid lips, slightly parted gave him a glimpse of a row of perfect teeth. But suddenly a fear came upon him—why was she so still! What would he do if—if she was dead? His heart was beating

madly—every muscle in his body was tensed. He bent his head and listened for her breathing. Not a sound—nothing but the drumming of the blood in his ears. He put his hand over her heart. Not a stir. Her cheeks were as cold as marble.

He heard his little sister approaching. Quickly he threw Molly down, saying "Aw heck, dolls are no fun anyway"—and went to the window to watch the rain.



Gwladys—"But you will admit I have a pretty face?"
Horace—"Even a barn looks good when it's painted."

* * *

"As The Twig—"

Last time that I was in the show,
I mean the Movies don't you know.
The picture had a "hothouse" plot
That wound around the Marriage knot
It was about a fickle wife,
The problems of a married life,
A careless husband, and a guy
Who wooed his wife beneath his eye.
Then came the break and the divorce,
We thought the play a trifle coarse.
But in that audience I spied,
I thought at first my vision lied,
Two hundred kids I counted them
Whose average age was less than ten.

* * *

How doth the gentle laundress,
Search out the weakest joints,
And always tear the buttons off
At most stragetic points.

* * *

"Put or take?" said the sporting room-mate of a student,
who had just announced that he was going to the bank.

Pathetic Figures

(1)

The LAST policeman in a prohibition country bidding farewell to the JAIL preparatory to its being converted into a savings bank and public library.

(2)

A Black and Tan thinking of the glorious time he has missed by not doing what the council of one hundred American citizens says he did.

(3)

A poor Englishman about to take the daily ration of beer forced on him by a brutal government for the sake of the excise.

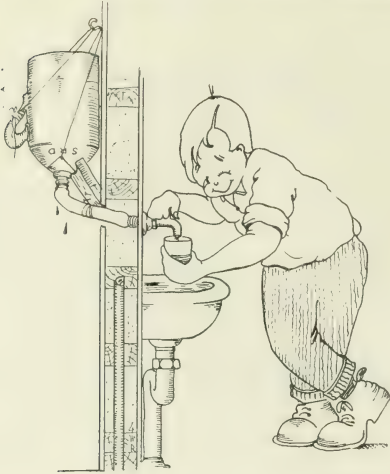
(4)

An ambitious little yeast bug carrying out its life's work in a jar of preserved raspberries in a prohibitionist's cellar.

* * *



HE—"On the contrary liquor is a great boon to humanity; it once saved my life."
SHE—"Did you say 'a boon to humanity'?"



Distilled Water

We have been much bothered of late by alleged friends and persons who approach us with an air of smug self-satisfaction and engage us in such footling dialogues as "Do you know Umphra?" "Umphra who?" "Umphra ever blowing bubbles" or "Do you know Arthur?" "Arthur who?" "Arthur Mometer." Consequently, partially as a measure of revenge and after tremendous mental effort, we have evolved the following sage crack.

"Do you know Boo?"

"Boo who?"

"Don't cry about it."

* * *

Five Minutes Time Allowance

Ignetz:—Every time I see dot man, he strikes me as a liar.

Isaacs:—Vell, aintcher?

* * *

The Sea-going Canucks



Any Movie-Star's Visit to London

Never could a king, rajah or golf champion have received a more tremendous welcome to London. Mobbed by thousands; kicked, crowned, hammered and punched by beves of society girls, IMALL FORMUNY arrived at Waterloo station amid a shower of sundry vegetables and rain. A selected chorus of the best yodellers in the British Peerage bellowed forth Christmas carols from the baggage car, while pretty children scattered the path of England's favorite star with onion petals and chelsea buns.

At ten o'clock in the morning a hundred thousand people, herded along the south shore of England by the British army, awaited the arrival of their hero. A small group of admirals made a chair with their hands and triumphantly bore him ashore, while the admiring thousands threw stones at one another and broke arms, backs and tonsils in a mad frenzy to catch even a glimpse of the Channel. Having despatched a Valentine Card to the Prime Minister, he was allowed to board the train with two black eyes and a sprained ankle resultant from this welcoming outburst.

England has wholeheartedly received the hero to her bosom. It is a triumph. To-morrow, if he is still alive,

he is to receive the freedom of London and to visit Mme. Toussaud's wax-works. It is even hinted that the crown jewels and the zoo are to be dusted should he have time to visit them.

Last night two wings of his hotel, including the kitchen and bar were completely demolished by the crowd who clamoured outside until FORMUNY appeared on his window sill; having emptied his ash-tray and thrown a few soiled collars into their eager hands, he returned to his private dining room to split a herd of turkeys and a case of Fruit Salts with the House of Lords.

Later in the evening, disguised as an absent-minded Puma, he was able to escape his admirers for a short walk through Regent Street and the Savoy bar.

It is the plan of our visiting movie-king to take a short course in Egyptian Sanskrit and corn-curing at Oxford before his return to America. Post-cards, announcing the date of a grand ensemble, have been sent to the British fleet, for the purpose of conveying his unopened mail back to New York.

By Guy Fawkes



Duds For the Dudes

A tendency towards the slim silhouette is noticeable in the latest male costumes by Hill and Dale. This can be traced directly to the influence of the Montgomery G. Flagg hero on the style diagnosticians. The dangerous qualities of bootleg liquor have also done much to abolish the curved contour of the waist, so prominent in the clothes of the man-about-town a few years ago.



A very effective style in evening dress is reproduced above. The coat is particularly striking on the slender mature figure, and is of the new "pelure d'oignon" type. The high collar does away with the necessity of washing the neck, and is worn in citron, henna and cerise hues, as well as the customary but rather conventional white.

Unusual variations in costumes for the morning promenade feature this fall's displays. Foulard vests in wall-paper patterns are absolutely le dernier cri. Trousers with a 'bouffant' effect about the knees are considered very chic. One may note also the craze for the long cigarette-holder, to minimize the danger from fire caused by the light comedy moustache, which is being cultivated so extensively nowadays.

* * *

Capital

"What does D.C. mean after Washington?" asked little Sammy.

"Dollars count" was the cynic's answer.

"Lovely day, don't you think," said the man as he hit his thumb with the hammer.

* * *

On Renewing Acquaintances

The college youth with careless mien,
Hoping his socks are not unseen,
Hoping his tie will catch the eye,
Just as it catches lemon pie,
'Lights from the train with buoyant grace;
Serene the smile upon his face.

His eye rests on a taxicab,
Shunning our "go-carts" dull and drab.
He whispers near the driver's ear
As he who seeketh after beer.
What is this lowly spoken word
The chauffeur seemingly has heard?

The car speeds up a boulevard,
Also the price does on the card,
It draws up straight by a pretty gate
On which he often leaned quite late.
He pays the driver what is due
And gazes on the hallowed view.

Beyond this wooden gate he dreams
She waits who him alone esteems.
How oft she told in words of gold
Her heart forever he could hold.
The gate he tries, to seek his prize,
His eager gaze her form espies—
—His face turns pale, his ardour dies,
Over his brow he pulls his cap—
And others find, like you, old chap,
Their sweetheart in their rival's lap.

IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH -
IF A MAN IS WILLING TO STUDY
HARD - MY FATHER'S COUSIN IS
A MEMBER AT OTTAWA - I INTEND TO
ENTER POLITICS AS SOON AS I FINISH
IN LAW - WITH THE VIEW OF COURSE -
OF BECOMING PREMIER OF
CANADA !



Drawn by Kenneth Browne

The Freshman Discusses His Future.

Bright Sayings Competition

These three are the prize-winners for this month.

First Prize—Woollen Tomato.

My little girl of six years had just been reading Lytton Strachey's "Life of Queen Victoria," and seemed quite impressed. I noticed her silence. Then she turned to me with a wonderful light in her intelligent eyes. "Mummy," she said, "did Queen Victoria have whiskers?" "Why, no, of course not," said I. "Well, Grandma has," was the quick reply.

Second Prize—One Granite Tombstone.

I had made a pair of garters for my little blue-eyed boy. They had been tried on but one did not fit. "One leg must be bigger than the other," I said jokingly. "Oh no," replied the little man, "for they both touch the ground."

Third Prize—Pair of Tame Muskrats.

My little girl, aged 19, made the following clever remark the other day, which I thought was too good for you to miss. We were at the Zoo, watching the monkeys, in which she seemed much engrossed.

"Oh mother, they're just like men, aren't they?" she said.

* * *

Titus Sell:—Something deep about that bootlegger of ours.

Saul Over:—Well, still waters run deep!



A Futuristic View of an Undertaker, if the Enrollment in Medical Colleges gets any larger.

"I love you dear" I fondly said,
"Oh, so do I," breathed she;
At that I stood and racked my
head—
Meant she herself or me?

* * *

"Come Across," bellowed
the big burly individual with the
beetling brows to the small timid
frightened-looking woman—but
softly, gentle reader; she was on
the opposite side of the street;
she was his wife; and she was
afraid to cross on account of the
traffic.



"Good Gracious, Gertie, do you see what I see?"

"Don't get alarmed, dearie. Its only Mr. Binks. He's taking monkey gland treatment."

How You Too Can Become Famous By Leaping Into Big Money

*Don't climb the ladder of success rung by rung, take the **WET-SMACK** elevator and save ten years. **AF-FOULL BALL** here tells you how to hit a home run in the game of life.*

To-day my salary is 1000% greater than it was a year ago last Friday; let me tell you about it.

One year ago I was nurse-maid to a bevy of swans and was very content with my lot. My illiteracy and table manners were exhilarating; but, one day, I met a friend who had lifted himself from the rut by taking the Wet-Smack Memory Course and two aspirins.

He had studied at home and developed his mind almost to a state of saneness. In one instant he could recall the weight of a skunk's ear, or the probability to five places of decimals of a sea-lion being left handed. He now earns two strips of wampum per week as a model in a macaroni factory.

I took the course and would advise your completion of the attached form and its return to

The Wet-Smack Memory School,
Port Says, Ontario.

----- TEAR --- OUT --- HERE -----

Mother's nickname

Are you fond of white mice?

Penal service, if any

Father's maiden name

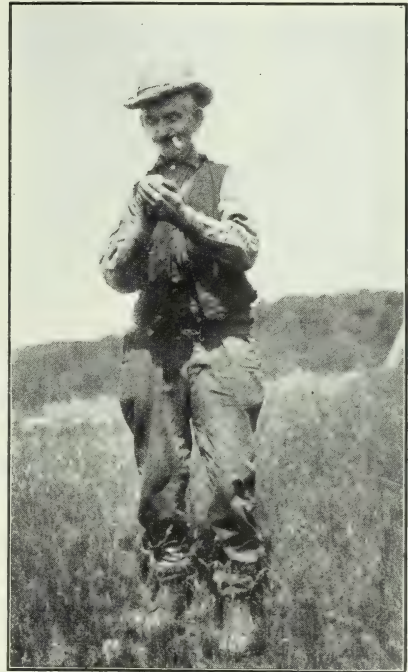
Do you keep pigeons, if so, when?

Can you knit?

Do rabbits lay Easter eggs?

Name, if any

— A D V ' T —



*The Man in This Picture is
Affoull Ball*

One year ago **AFFOULL BALL** was a nurse-maid. Now look at him! . The Wet-Smack Memory Course will do for you what it has done for him.

It's A Disease

What is this thing that shakes it's shaggy head at me?
It is a rose!
Thank God for roses
This is my diagnosis.

How About Burlesque?

FRIEND—What's the matter?
PLAYER'S CLUB EXECUTIVE—We can't make up our minds whether to put on a play that will be approved by the Faculty or one that will make a hit with the Students.



Champions Tell Us How

By

F. A. MacLennan

Have you ever noticed that whenever two husky young men are scheduled to appear in a boxing contest with the laudible intentions of knocking each other into the middle of next week, for some time previous to the bout articles are graciously printed under their names in the leading newspapers, wherein they divulge the plan of their campaign and the peculiar secret of their success? And then, after the dust of battle has cleared away, the winner expends much ink in explaining how he turned the trick, always generously conceding that his defeated antagonist was the most dangerous fighter in the world. Or does a buxom young lady emerge victorious from a tennis tournament, straightway she writes a series of articles. Or when the latest golf tournament has been fought out to the last tee or hole or whatever they call them, the survivor promptly rushes into print (for a nominal consideration!) to impart the clue to his uncanny skill to the readers of the "Morning Breeze." On perusal of these revelations, we are disgusted with ourselves for our lack of foresight in not devoting our youth unreservedly to such occupations. For instance:

Tennis For Girls

by Yvonne Fricassee

When the editor ask me to—how do you say it?—shoot the cow about tennis, I say to him, "But, holy blue, Mr. the editor, I do not speak the English." "That's alright, even if you did, we'd have to put in a lot of 'ze's" and "how do you say him's." And I shrug my shoulder the way the press agent tell me all French girl is supposed to do and I say, "Ma foi, Mr. the editor, where is it that you get that stuff, eh? I write this, me, Yvonne Fricassee, do you obtain me, is it not? Then I—what do you English say?—crown him with my little racquet and he depart saying 'dam' and also 'damn'."

This is the first time I write about my art,—but they ask me, all the jeunes filles, "How do you hit the ball, M'selle, with one toe on the ground and the other around your neck, like in your pictures?" And I say, "It is because toujours I lead the—what you call it?—simple life, me. I am in bed before nine hours every night and I raise myself at six hours and go for the long promenade, or read the Good Book to my aged aunt, so dear to me."

In this article I will give my readers some tips on serving.

When I beat that poor plum, Mollie Bigsandstorm, I put so much veal into the ball, so much grease d'elbow that she never see him. I practise since I am the petite enfant hitting the ball. When the other little children play bridge I take my little ball into the yard, and I take the good aim at the windows and when I could break the pane immediately, at the first attempt, mon pere embrace me and he say, "Ma cherie, I will make the great tennis-player of you, is it not?" "And when I grow up and the young men ask me to promenade with them, I say "Pardonnez-moi, I beg that you excuse me. I have my art to consider. Is it that you would ask me to abandon my career? And they look at me sad and say, "Name of a name, NO." Next week I will tell you how I knock them—what do you call him?—burdock off Lizzie Anthensum at Wimbledon.

* * *

In the same number of the "Breeze" there appeared an article on Golf by Angus MacPherson, who rose from obscurity to the pinnacles of Fame last week, by defeating the nonagenarian champion of Scotland in a gruelling contest. Mr. MacPherson, ruddy of complexion, especially about his nose, in spite of his four-score years, in describing the Homeric duel, writes in part:

"I have four down and only two left in the third hole. Sandy, my antagonist, had seven down and appeared pretty well away. My supporters were manifestly anxious, for it seemed a long lead to overtake. As Sandy stepped behind the bunker for a long pull in the rough, I called to my caddie, "Gie me anither." "Whit yin," he asked, opening my bag, "your nibblet or the beef-iron-and?" "The long one," I answered resolutely, "the black-and-white."

I believe it decided the match. I sliced the top off and put it down in two. My opponent was clearly disconcerted, for he downed his eighth in three gulps over par and I sank mine for a birdie four. We divided the ninth—while his caddie went back to the club-house to refill his bag. But at the tenth I drew away from him with a shot that ran all over the cup before it went down.

Sandy was in difficulties, but, by a super-human effort downed his eleventh for a bogey five, spilling a little on the fairway. When we teed up for the last hole, I was one to the bad, owing to a violent fit of coughing which prevented

Continued on page 26



WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE—
Hubby chooses his fall millinery.

Drawn by Walter Howard



He:—"I arrived home in state last night."

She:—"What state?"

* * *

Champions Tell Us How

Continued from page 24

me from downing it in less than six. We were almost exhausted and Sandy had to be supported while he addressed the bottle. His first didn't go past the label and his adherents groaned.

I winked at my caddie and he cleverly substituted one of Ginger Ale. I addressed it carefully, using a broad stance and measured the depth with my eye. With a brief prayer I swung it up and amid a gasp from the gallery put it down in one, winning the match. I was carried from the field by my jubilant friends and deposited in my bed amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm.

The misty memory of your face
Still shines across the miles,
The vision haunts me. Every place
I go I see your smiles.

So now I seek through street and mart,
Through field and mossy dell,
I've lost the maid that stole my heart,
My watch and purse as well.

* * *

Pullman Porter (to gentleman wandering around car).
"Have you forgotten your berth, sir?"

Irascible Old Gentleman: "Certainly not, I'm a U. E. Loyalist.

* * *

A young chap whose name is Jim Stollick,
Once kissed a girl just for a frolic.

She had a complexion
Of cosmetic perfection,
And he died of a bad Painter's Colic.



The Optimist

THE ONION SKIN

HOPPO—The New Beer
99 44-100% poor!

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Member Dampunk News Service

"Book before you sleep"
The Pullman Co.

EVERYBODY PLEASED

Funeral Proves Great Success.
Gala Day For All
Odorono, Ont., Oct. 19—

Many expressions of pleasure are being heard in this place following the funeral of Canea B. Konshus, who, for the first time in his life was allowed to lead a procession.

Mayor U. Luke Offell, who is also the live proprietor of Awcumin cemetery, and who had in his spare time undertook the deceased, delivered an address on Protection, in which he pointed out that there could never be loss without gain. Continuing, Mayor Offell said that he had not known the dead man, and asked his customers to blend their voices in "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

The Odorono Queerfellows band belched forth The Last Saturday Post and the mourners returned home tired but happy.

Clipped from Defunct Onion-Skins

October 1843—78 Years Ago

Bricklayers have struck for a 2 p.c. increase in wages. At present they receive \$1.37 a week; they also demand bricks with one side smooth.

Cunard Line "Peekaboo" reached London from New York, via the MacKenzie River and Suez Canal, with a cargo of window sills and tar.

October 49 B.C.—1970 Years Ago

Caesar crossed the Rubicon and carved his initials all over Italy.

Mrs. Caesar opened the new Home for People with Independent Eyes, while a musical treat was given to the deaf and dumb with dumbells.

Another Plague from same old cause

London—People are dying of plague in Polohanistug, says a press dispatch from Brahamania. Scientists believe the people have had their stomachs turned by watching earwigs stand on their hands. It is not thought that the disaster will have any bearing upon the Irish situation.

Mashed Potatoes Upset Modern War Theories

Wm. S. Hart hate pictures also lend
new aspect to martial outlook

By Sir Phulla Phibbs.

Washington, Oct. 20. (Special to the Chicago Tribulation and the Orillia Racket)—

Of course you all know that this World Conference on Disarmament is futile. When one realizes that a barber cannot cut his own hair it becomes immediately apparent. Post-war inventions are, in themselves, sufficient to render futile this Washington house-party.

But, what are these inventions? I shall tell you, big boy.

In the matter of poison-gas: it is generally known that a gas has now been conceived which is too deadly to be invented. Tea-cozies lose their coziness, egg-beater refuse to beat, and general domestic confusion arises whenever it is even mentioned. Then, how can any nation go to war against an adversary impregnably equipped with the knowledge that it could manufacture this gas if it knew how? PER SE NON PLUS ULTRA! It is impossible.

A man, whose name is not worth disclosure, has informed me of a new machine which will tend to exterminate all future wars by its very frightfulness. This device will turn out any number of photographs of William S. Hart registering intense hatred at a California orange tree, all stamped and addressed in ten minutes to anyone on earth. It is scarcely believable that any war lord could maintain a warlike heart after one glance at this inspirer of fear. Ask any Indian along the Pacific coast and he will tell you that one look from Bill will make you feel like a left-handed dumbell in a gymnasium for the blind.

Added to these we have the invention of the brilliant officer commanding the Jerusalem Mud Guards. He says his gun will revolutionize all warfare, if not entirely prevent it.

This gun, according to blueprints, is the simple synchronization of a gas stove and a sewer pipe; it is guaranteed to propel a square acre of mashed potatoes to any address with the

aid of a Bradstreet's Directory and an Addressograph. The destructiveness of this missile is, no doubt, apparent to all of you. But consider its importance in laying a barrage along a frontier. So many mountains of mashed potatoes could be erected in the course of one day that it would be quite impossible for an invading army to advance even though equipped with snow shoes and dog teams.

Having disposed of the usefulness of this Conference we venture to suggest that some use could be made of the gathering even yet.

Could they not profitably spend the time in learning a few irregular verbs or in reciting the Pluperfect Subjunctive of AVOIR. Future wars being definitely called a draw, and the furtherance of cousinly relationship remaining our only care, such small courtesies as these would tend to further cement if not entirely glue the Entente Cordiale.

Weather Synopsis

Pressure is now lowest in the king Slovacuum's spare tire, and is highest in the Statue of Liberty's back pocket. Rain fell yesterday in the Sahara desert and poured in father's bedroom window. Otherwise the weather has remained pretty well to itself.

NEWS GRIEFS.

Ku Klux Klan official addresses local African M. E. Congregation on Universal Brotherhood.

Hawaiian princess declares American gowns are immoral.

A bomb placed by the Liberty League in the cellar of the W.C.T.U. this morning, destroyed ten cases of Holland Gin.

Favorite for Louisville Sweepstakes, Bon Ami, scratched.

Don't let them string you, smoke Brimstone Cigars. Then you'll know the ropes.

SWIPED.



"Waiter! There's a fly in my ice cream."
 "Serves him right; let him freeze."

—*Mirror.*

* * *

The night was dark and stormy. It rained bucketsfull and ever and anon a jagged streak of lightning brightened the town, and a resounding clap of thunder shook the foundation of every house. Suddenly the villain appears on the scene. He dashes around the corner, a bundle under each arm. He stops as if paralyzed, utters a terrible oath and with one wild leap is hidden in a nearby alley.

The sky was illuminated by a gigantic streak of lightning and the crash of the thunder that followed was deafening. Amidst the downpouring rain one could hear the villain's unusual cuss words as they dropped from his lips. His last suspender button had just given away.

—*Froth*

* * *

Jack—You certainly disgraced me at the banquet last night when you got drunk.

Jill—What did I do?

Jack—When the charlotte russe was served you tried to blow the foam off it.

—*Virginia Reel*

* * *

A woman of 12 st. 8 ozs.
 Wears dear little bells on her flozs;
 Most sweet is the sound
 As she waltzes around;
 But what must it be when she bozs!

—*London Sketch.*

* * *

With Guatemala's new porcelain money it will be easy to break a dollar.

—*Chicago Post*

Doesn't it more or less get your goat (to use the vulgar expression) when

A GIRL WRITES A
 COUPLE OF PAGES
 LIKE THIS

and tries to make you believe she's writing you a long letter?

—*Yale Record*

* * *

Pat—"I am king in my house now."

Mike—"Sure, don't I know you are! I was there when your wife crowned you.

—*Lehigh Burr*

* * *



FEELING A LITTLE BORED

Punch Bowl

Action vs. Words
 Have you ever
 After an evening
 Of anticipation
 Finally arrived
 At the crucial moment
 And with a
 Deep breath
 Taken the
 Initial step
 Aeons later
 A small voice
 Somewhere is
 Heard to say
 "Don't"
 While two arms
 About one's neck
 Refute the argument.

—*Voo Doo*

Some Brand

"How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a gramophone."

"You don't say! If I smoked two hundred of those cigars I wouldn't want a gramophone; I'd want a harp."

—*Boston Post.*



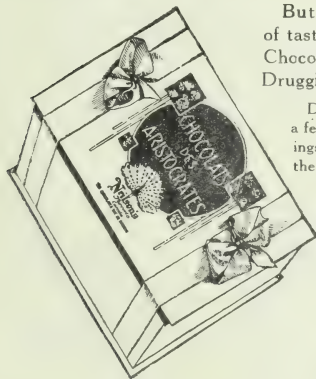
**When the Tongue is Pleased
the Mind is Satisfied**

THE most difficult thing to set down in words is the description of a taste, because there is no word to describe taste but taste. So, when talking about the taste of chocolates, the only way to stimulate the sensation you enjoy from eating them, is to tell you that they are luscious, or satisfying, or delicious, or that they flatter the palate, or that they have such and such a flavour.

But you cannot get real conviction about the "quality of taste" in Neilson's Chocolates except by tasting the Chocolates themselves. So we want you to go to your Druggist or Confectioner and buy a box.

Don't eat them hurriedly. Consider each piece carefully. Open a few pieces. Let your palate linger over the flavour of the coatings, the fruit, cream and nut fillings, and the blended flavour of the fillings and coatings together.

If you will do this and eat, as continentals say, "with appreciation," you will get a remarkable quality of enjoyment from your purchase of



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After the card party—
For the one o'clock feed—
For a quick, satisfying lunch—

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easily prepared, highly nu-
tritive and exceedingly deli-
cious.

Keep a jar on your bureau
beside her picture.

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Gold for Casting, Etc., Etc.

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Oh! Y4

He (at the box office): "Have you got a seat left?"

Ticket Seller (indicating number): "Yes, U 21?"

He: "I am, and if it is that kind of a show I am glad
I did not ask my mother to come with me."

—Burr

* * *

A Radical Change

Irish Newspaper— On last boxing day some of the
public houses were closed and some remained open. This
year it seems the very reverse will be the case.

—Boston Transcript

Greater Value Than Ever

TIP TOP CLOTHES FOR FALL



Pure English Worsteds and All Wool Blue and Black
Serges — greatly improved tailoring — finer linings —
better trimmings — make Tip Top values for Fall, 1921,
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have your choice of the house MADE TO MEASURE at
only one price.

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TOP
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A Chain of ONE PRICE Stores from coast to coast

Facts Contained in Letters Freshmen Received
from Girls the First Week.

- 1 Account of going to dance with rival.
- 2 Parties. (No details)
- 1 Dinner Party.
- 1 Throb over new boy just moved to town.
- 3 Cush over musical comedy.
- 1 Do you know that so-and-so
- 1 Hope you haven't lost your heart to anyone.
- 4 Wish you were here.
- 4 Wish I were there.
- 5 Hope you'll write soon.

—Widow

* * *

At the phone:—Hello, hello, who is this?

At the other end:—How in Hell do I know? I can't see you. —Siren

* * *

Billy: I'm so tired. You know I am studying for a lawyer.

Milly: Why don't you let the old thing study for himself? —Virginia Reel

* * *

As A Rule

Clerk (at Employment Bureau)—"Someone has sent for a yardman, sir."

Manager—"We haven't any yardmen at present."

Clerk—"Then shall I send up three footmen sir?" —Widow

Brunswick RECORDS

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"Wang Wang Blues"

played by the famous Bennie Krueger's Orchestra. On the reverse side is "Spread yo' Stuff—another fetching Fox trot.

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Last Waltz, waltz, Carl Fanton's Orchestra	
Mississippi Cradle, waltz, " " " " " "	\$1.00
Sweetheart, Fox Trot, Carl Fanton's Orchestra	
I've Got the Joys, " " " " " "	\$1.00
Ain't We Got Fun, Fox Trot, Bennie Krueger's Orchestra	
Dangerous Blues " " " " " "	\$1.00

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PLAYED ON ANY PHONOGRAPH

At the Soda Fountain

Gertrude—"Say, didjever try a Boston Cooler?"

Sam—"Naw; none of them highbrow jalls on my list." —Cornell Widow

* * *

Whizz—"That frosh is like a canoe."

Bang—"Graceful lines?"

Whizz—"No, used to the paddle." —Sun Dodger

—Sun Dodger

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The Printers Guild are Printers by appointment to his royal highness GOBLIN and would appreciate the orders of other University Organizations.

"How come you're in the barber trade now, Rastus?"
"Ah done lost my job down at the slaughter house."

Juggler

* * *

Beautiful Thought

"23—Hear you had your clothes ripped off in the "rush." Weren't you embarrassed with all the co-eds standing around?"

"24—Um—well-er-you see—I was covered with confusion.

—Orange Peel

* * *

Mary—I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exams.

Jack —No, I wired him last night.

—Jester

ASK FOR

McLAUGHLIN'S
Ginger Ale

AT HART HOUSE TUCK

L OVELY night
Crescent Moon

Situation

Opportune

Ruby Lips

Slight Mustache

Dispositions

Very Rash

Maiden breathes

Whene'er she can

Softly gurgles,

"Naughty Man!"

Hesitates

Whispers then,

"Be a naughty man

Again ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !"

—Williams Purple Cow

"The
silent
countenance
often
speaks"

Ovid.

All beauty is measured
by the state of the com-
plexion. Beautify it by
the use of



Winsome

Miss Mabel Normand—whose beauty and
vivacity add charm to notable Goldwyn
pictures—writes:—

"I have used Winsome Soap and
wish to state that I found it
a very delightful, agreeable toilet
soap, and most satisfactory in
every way. I would not be without
it either at home, travelling, or at
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Mabel Normand

Half the charm of your personality depends on
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Soap will ensure a beautiful skin because Winsome
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Winsome Soap is sold by all good
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Soapmakers to H. M. the King
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It Happens in the Best of Comics

FROSH—I know more about this joke game than the
editor does.

SOPH—That's possible.

FROSH—Sure; he thought the stuff I submitted was
original.

—Chaparral

* * *

Porter—"Baggage, Mistah?"

Prof—"No thanks, I have some."

—Mugwump



BLUE JAY'S

ADVICE

*Is there a man with sight so dim
He cannot see when his hair grows thin;
Help! O help is his despairing cry
Use our Tonics doth the Blue Jay" reply.*

Wellson Specialty Company

37 Chicora Avenue

Toronto

"I Wonder If He Will Miss Me," sang the young lady
with the cracked voice. And from the balcony came the
answer, "If he does he ought never to be trusted with a
gun."
—Siren.

Store---Main 6862 Tea Room---Main 2473

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Evening Dinner
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Makers of "Polly-Anna Chocolates"
"The Glad Candies"

Don't run your legs off after a woman; you'll need them to kick yourself.

—Chicago Post

* * *

"You must be fond of coffee," said the landlady, as he refilled his cup for the fifth time.

"Yes, I am, or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."

—Lord Jeff

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If you like to dance, you want good music. Columbia Records are good music, and the Grafonola reproduces them just as they were originally made by the many leading dance organizations which make records for Columbia exclusively. Call in to any Columbia dealer's and hear these:

Ho.—Fox-Trot	Paul Biese Trio.	A-3446
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Honey Lou	Fox Trot	Art Hickman's Orchestra
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DAY**





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¶ A few minutes spent on weekly cleaning days, and the Premier will remove every particle of dust and dirt from your bookcase. Discard the antiquated duster, which not only compels you to remove every book from its shelf, dust and replace it, but scatters the germ-laden dust into the air.

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And such flavors! A refreshing Spearmint, more delicious than you had imagined possible. Adams superfine Peppermint—smooth as silk but full of life. And old-time Tutti-Frutti, favorite of our fathers and mothers and best-loved flavor of our childhood.

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Spearmint

*In the GREEN
cardboard
packet*

Tutti-Frutti

*In the PINK
cardboard
packet*

Peppermint

*In the YELLOW
cardboard
packet*